

Howdy Folks!

here we are again (finally) w/ another
Zine. our 1st, known as SHE
though we didn't name it, was
shitty, but at least it existed.
we didn't work on anything for
awhile. We were so busy conforming
to non-conformity, we didn't start
this until June 16th at about 1a.m.
we're glad we have a new place
to distribute them. ladies & gents,
the new club is rockin', so let's
support it and not ruin it again,
okay?! it seems like women's
rights are the main focus of
this Zine, but we'll cover
many other issues next time.



Kimberly Ryan



Schiller/12/83

FREEZER
STUFF
CONTRIBUTORS

BE NICKEL WISE...NOT PENNY FOOLISH!!!

in case you didn't know, freezer stuff is a drug taken from the freezabab plant which only grows in never defrosted freezers. its effects are very sedative and highly numbing. but, remember, freezer stuff can be fun now but just wait til the real effects take place...

the glazed over eyes,

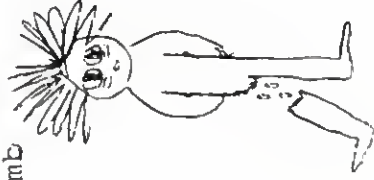


the funky hair



take it from me
don't even try it.

sometimes
resulting in
the loss of a
limb



the constant
craving, always
wanting more,

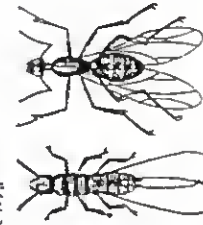
stick to the
less hardcore
stuff, like
cocaine and
heroin.

see you around or at the club or what have you.



Suzi & Kim - the vengeful wimps.

send us shit for next issue or simply write and tell us how "unreal" we are.



TERMITES!

\$295

750 S. Fremont
Spfld, MO 65804

P.S. Ashley, if you're reading this, please put it down before you see all the unflattering things we wrote about you!

Thanks to: our special friend (we're tight) John/Woodbox, the people in the house on Fort Straße, friends at the Cavern, our moms, B.O.B.★, all the inspiring funny-looking George's patrons & Dave Steele (Where's our meal?)

ZINE REVIEWS

TRANSIENT/#3 -\$1
excellent zine with articles,
about the crash network, feminism,
how much work/jobs suck, and
interview with Beatle Mike, and
much more. for good readin',
pick this one up from Kit and
Jen, the people who created
Transient. → H/

Hi Guys!



WOODBOX/#3=\$1
great fanzine put out by cool
Johnny.interviews with Mouthpiece,
Fountainhead, John of Revival
Fanzine, Jackhammer, lots about
straightedge, animal rights, and
other shit.BUY THIS ZINE!!IT'S
WONDERFUL!!send \$\$ to Woodbox,
7 Carol Ave Apt. 5,Brookline,MA
02146

In A Pickle?



BABY SUE/ All Issues!
very funny, will make you laugh
till you split a gut!so, get
some!send \$1.50per issue to
P.O.B. 1111, Decatur, GA 30031-
1111



Meine Kaffee ist kalt*!

* translation - my coffee is cold!

11: eat everything nature voluntarily gives: fruits, vegetables, & the products of plant. But I ask you to spare me what animals are forced to surrender"

- Adolf Hitler



Adolf Hitler

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X-RATED LIVING ROOMS



YEAH, I'M DOIN'
IT. MADE UP MY
MIND, MAN. I'M
GETTIN' A
TATTOO.



This could well be history's most powerful weapon.



Have a drink—starve a child.



Family portrait of tomorrow.

a graduate student at one of the nation's leading universities assembled a complete atomic bomb using just the general information that is available to the public through library research. This student wished to remain anonymous lest a terrorist group kidnap him and force him to build a bomb for them.

One of the funkiest, trendiest places to tap those Doc Marten soles. Plastic Pollock ties, wicked leather gear, crafts, grub, and seas of music.

****THE NEW CLUB****

the Cavern, located at 201 S. Campbell, is now what Commercial St. Club was. only better. the atmosphere is great. unlike at Comm., there is no smoking or alcohol allowed inside the building this way we're sure there won't be as many fights, broken shit, messes, and all the other crap that didn't allow you to enjoy the music at Comm. this way everyone can see, hear, and enjoy the band and not have to worry about stupid stuff, like the drunk guy who keeps pushing you and burning you with his cigarette or the broken chair you're afraid to sit in. this way, the club is a whole lot more likely to stay in business and build a good reputation so more people and more bands will come. and the club has plans to get some great bands like Syphilis (a Springfield favorite) and the Blue Meanies (whom we all love and worship) and the Dazzling Killmen (wonderful and missed very much so). so let's do good by the authorities and ourselves and keep this club!!

IT WILL PUT YOU INTO AN
EPILEPTIC SEIZURE!!!!!!



WE HAVE SERVICES TO BEAT THE BAND!



JULY 1993						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5
		6	7	8	9	10
		11	12	13	14	15
		16	17	18	19	20
		21	22	23	24	25
		26	27	28	29	30
		31				

Syphilis/Fur! ↑

AUGUST 1993						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5
		6	7	8	9	10
		11	12	13	14	15
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		26	27	28	29	30
		31				



↑ Dazzling Killmen!

"I AM WHAT I AM"
Popeye's declaration of self

"HE NEEDS ME"
Olive acknowledges Popeye

kim's seemingly incessant ranting

ok, i was flipping through my old 45's, and i found something from when i was 5. the popeye soundtrack. i listened to it and it all came back to me like a slap. on the first side, robin williams sang a song proclaiming his confidence, contrary to what anyone else thought of him. on the other side, shelly duvall proudly whined about how fortunate she was to have a man who needed her. on the cover popeye glared at the camera and flexed his bulging muskels while olive quaintly clasped her hands in adoration.

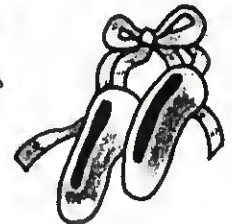
granted, it was a plot-free disney crap chunk o' drivel, but i remember. too well. i rolled my socks down like olive oil and idolized her. like my peers, i saw her achievements as more or less obligatory. they were the goals that are set out before a female from the time she gets her first pritty pink dress or cute baby doll. i was all ready to lure a man into my clutches and squeeze out a few sweet peas of my own. i didn't see it that way for long. no, there was too much evidence to the contrary.

i watched girls lose their identities early in life. fourth grade: my best friend liz was well known as "the best artist in the class." one day she got a note from danny asking her to go with him. then she was "danny's girlfriend-who draws stuff." it made me mad, but it was just a kid thing. uh, yeah.

but who's fault is it? i often see what i can only refer to as self-inflicted sexism. i do not mean when women wear short skirts. i mean when they need to find a man to find themselves. i blame society. but a woman should not become an extension of a man's personality because she is afraid of her own. nor should she have to accomplish great feats to be known by her name and not as _____'s girl.



1 in 3 American girls will be
sexually molested by age 18.



a public service announcement from
2 out of 6

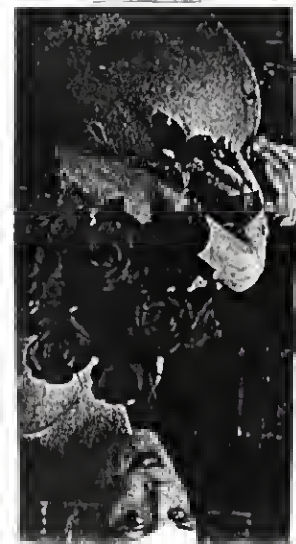




i could go through life "alone" and be essentially the same person i am today. i don't have to, but i could. i would be dubbed a slut, a freak, a lesbian, a failure. they would tell me i was too ugly/weird/independent to find a man. i am not assuming this, cause it has happened to me. no one can support my life; they can merely enhance it. i pity the girl who laughs at me as she leans on her boyfriend like a crutch she whispers things about me as she puts her hand in his back pocket so he won't go away without her, leaving her exposed, nameless. i yam what i yam. i need me. and i will walk, proud and tall away. with or without popeye. i will decide.



"IT'S A MESS AND THAT'S THE WAY WE
LIKE IT"



BY AN UNABASHED B. R. G.

once upon a time, two girls stumbled upon a punk. they were quite stupified, never having seen such a wonder before. and at a punk rock club of all things. this oddity was of their age and height, but that was where the similarities took a screeching halt. he was of the male persuasion, this they were sure of. on his feet were ordinary, run-of-the-mill combat boots, very popular to this species. w/ his baggy jeans and his ripped flag belt, he was every other joe in town. his ruggedly torn "i've been moshing in my t-shirt" shirt was even rather normal. but just a short distance from that everyday sleeve was a hand of wretched defects several sharp rings w/ skulls, @symbols and the like. some of them were sharp objects used for involuntary acupuncture. others were things like bottle openers, cork screws, and piercers for those times when you just gotta have a nipple ring. upon his wrist was a spiked bracelet which they knew was not just for show, yet it was tres punk. the scowl that dressed his face was so real they nearly believed he was mad at society and not just the "wannabees" and the fact he couldn't bring beer in the club. but the surreal flames in his eyes were so untrue, they gave it away. they looked up a mere few inches from his pearly whites and...the hair... green spouts shooting from his volcanic head. they were so amazed, they failed to notice that he was just like everyone else. they were positive he hated them, especially w/ their faux punk looks, because hell, they weren't as real as him! still, they continued their trips to the club and preyed upon the gila monster. he moshed, they looked on in awe. he got drunk and made an ass of himself, they dubbed him "awesome punk" he stuck out his tongue

ALCOHOL
AND CRIME

A WINNING COMBINATION



Aw, Shucks...
i'm consterpated
again.

Well, here! i put some
lackshertivesh in this here
moonshine!



in total rage of being judged, they giggled w/ glee and anticipation. then one day they ventured in sitting near him. they learned more in that day than an entire college degree could have taught them. one girl went off to climb over trains. the other stayed to bask fondly in the warm punk glow he emitted. as he was passing her the bole he uttered, "i need to talk to you about something." she became quite frightened, for she did not want another shiner. she replied, "can't we talk here?" in her head thinking, "amongst people, amid safety?" he whispered, "it's personal, need privacy." she was thrilled at the prospect of being alone w/ him, picturing them by the fireside, brewskies in hand, really bonding. so, when they finally got privacy, he shattered her hopes and dreams of a punk rock wedding and informed her of his plans to "just fuck". his careless whispers echoed in her ear as she promptly replied "hell, no!!". she watched mournfully as he slithered away and her heart's leather bracelet with spikes on it vanished. feeling foolish and unhip, she made her way back to the mediocre punkish friends who gave a shit about her and resumed her hardly-punk lifestyle. but, she still sings a sad song and you can hear it if you mosh real hard... (this story was not intended to make fun of anyone or anything, but to inform you of the heartbreak involved in punk rock crushes. always remember, be careful and don't get your hopes up too high.)

UGLY STUMPS IN YOUR YARD?

Don't mow around them anymore!
Power grinders fit any size Stump with little mess



In another life, dear sister, I too would bear six fat children. In another life, my sister, I too would love another woman and raise one child together as if that pushed from both our wombs. In another life, sister, I too would dwell solitary and splendid as a lighthouse on the rocks or be born to mate for life like the faithful goose. Praise all our choices. Praise any woman who chooses and make safe her choice.

** from "The Sabbath of Mutual Respect". by Marge Piercy.



pretty in punk

kim: hi suzi.
suzi: hi kim.

kim: let's talk about moshing.

suzi: ok. after a hard evening moshing, i love to come home and inspect my bruises. but, i always notice a large amount on my ass and sometimes on my breasts.

kim: no big deal? so what?

suzi: it's not so what-it's fuckin' assholes that cop a free feel. i'm getting awfully tired of this shit. it seems like once a girl gets into a pit almost all the guys either think "watch out, don't hurt her!" or "hey, a chick! free ass grabbings and titti feels!"

kim: when there are no girls in the pit, people do all sorts of fun things, depending on the music. when there's a girl in the vicinity, the cool people ignore her gender. but there is always at least one dude who will adapt his movement accordingly. this usually entails pelvic thrusts directed at said girl's back. or he runs into the girl gently, caresses her butt and asking, "are you okay?"

suzi: that's always so soothing.

kim: if you're going to do that, pay me the cover charge, alright? and i love all those kind people who escort (force) me out. not knock me out, cause that always happens. but make a effort to keep me, personally, far from the peril of being knocked about by strong, horny men.

suzi: why do we care? let's just beat the shit out of each other.

kim: ok.

Punk is all about rebellion. Rebellion against what? you may ask. Oh, nothing in particular. Everything in general. You know. But no matter what you're rebelling against, you'll look cool—and wherever you go, you'll have lots of room to dance, 'cause people will stay out of your way.

It's

a

Woman

HIPS TITS LIPS POWER

HIPS TITS LIPS POWER

Persevere. Press on. Don't quit. Never be afraid of sticking your neck out. Don't let them hold you down just because you're female.

A strong woman is a WOMan at work cleaning out the cesspool of the ages, and while she shovels, she talks about how she doesn't mind crying, it opens the ducts of the eyes, and throwing up develops the stomach muscles, and she goes on shoveling with tears in her nose.

A strong woman is a woman in whose head a voice is repeating, I told you so, ugly, bad girl, bitch, nag, shrill, witch, ballbuster, nobody will ever love you back, why aren't you feminine, why aren't you soft, why aren't you quiet, why aren't you dead?

A strong woman is a woman determined to do something others are determined not be done. She is pushing up on the bottom of a lead coffin lid. She is trying to raise a manhole cover with her head, she is trying to butt her way through a steel wall. Her head hurts. People waiting fur the hole to be made say, hurry, you're so strong.

*from "FOR STRONG WOMEN"
by Marge Piercy